

# Good Morning 521

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## They're blasting open Alaska's frozen Treasure

WHEN, nearly eighty years ago, the United States Secretary of State Seward bought a territory about one-fifth the whole area of the U.S. for a mere £1,500,000, far from rushing to congratulate him on

having made a bargain, the majority of people were inclined to scoff, and the country he had bought was nicknamed "America's Icebox."

Its real name was Alaska, and Russia, who was the seller in 1867, must recently have wondered whether the Tsar did not make a bad bargain.

At that time Alaska was an almost uninhabited and unexplored country, which was popularly supposed to have an Arctic climate and be fit for nothing but a few thousand Eskimos. It might have remained empty and unknown

Here is a country which is not yet "full," a country where agricultural land can still be had free for the working of it, a country of spectacular beauty offering the tourist something new, and yet within easy reach of the great cities of America, a land where even after the rush of the last few years there still remain hundreds of square miles of virtually unexplored territory, with great mineral deposits awaiting exploitation.

The key to the development of Alaska has, of course, always

are being grown. There are some fine herds of dairy cattle, kept in electrically lit buildings. Alaska has unlimited power for electricity in the wind and water. It is a matter of harnessing it.

Alaska after the war will undoubtedly attract many men with the pioneer spirit. The opportunities are obvious. There are one or two first-class hotels, but thousands of people are going to use the Alaska Highway and airlines for a holiday trip to this country of breath-taking, unspoiled scenery, where there is some of the best fishing and shooting in the world.

The commercial fishing is fully exploited, perhaps, but there is always room for a man with a new idea. The salmon catch has long been regulated. When he found this, one man who "went north-west" looked around to see what else there was, and found shrimps. He cans over £70,000 worth a year now.

The canneries throw away as "waste" more salmon than we eat in Britain in a year. The man who can find how to use this will found a new industry. The climate is suitable for fur breeding—perhaps the waste fish will go to feed animals. So far, there are only a few fur farms, chiefly mink.

Incidentally, about this climate. It is true, in winter the thermometer may go to 50 degrees below, but less than three per cent. of Alaska is always under ice and snow, and many parts of the country are warmer in winter than Chicago, New York or Berlin. They are also cooler in summer.

Modern devices and methods of building are going to do much to overcome the handicaps of cold in winter and mosquitoes in summer—one of the curses of the country. There is no reason why what has been done in Norway and Sweden should not be done in Alaska, which lies in the same latitude.

Underground, Alaska has gold, silver, copper and tin, and petroleum in quantities which are still unknown. Its wealth in wood has hardly been touched, and most of it is near water for easy transport. It is estimated that this wood could supply one-quarter the needs of the U.S. newsprint industry for ever without any serious impression being made! Modern methods of treating wood mean that Alaska has all the building material it needs.

What the country will require is capital. It is ironic that for forty years it has poured out gold and suffered from lack of money to carry out all the preliminary work that must be carried out to make a country wealthy—factories, roads, drains, electricity, waterworks, and so on.

It paid the U.S. about £40 millions a year for imports, but the U.S. never seemed prepared to put the capital into it that it lent to other countries. Now the position may be different. There are likely to be assisted schemes for farmers wishing to take up land, schemes for developing the vast natural resources of this potentially rich country.

The war has made the U.S. "discover" Alaska, not only as a bulwark of defence, but also as a great possession which it has never yet fully valued.

**When the U.S. bought Alaska for 1½ million pounds, the people scoffed and called it America's Icebox, but it is a country of immense resources now hailed as the Land of To-morrow**  
writes CURTIS HAMILTON

but for the great strikes of gold that were made.

Nothing more was heard of "Seward's Folly"—the gold alone repaid the price of the country a hundred times over. But the men who made the terrible journey to the gold strikes did not stay. Once the first easy gold had been collected, gold-mining became a routine business largely in the hands of big companies.

Alaska remained a virtually empty country, with only 75,000 permanent inhabitants, in an area as large as the United States was before settlers crossed the Mississippi.

In the last five years the number of men in this country has doubled, trebled, and perhaps doubled again. America suddenly woke up to the fact that Alaska was the key to her western defences, built the great Alaskan highway in record time, opened up one great aerodrome after another, built ports to hold a navy.

To-day Alaska is one of the great bases from which forces are striking out at the Japanese through the Aleutian Islands which trail towards the Kurile Islands.

These soldiers, sailors and airmen are not permanent inhabitants—yet. But when they return they are going to explode a lot of myths about Alaska, and this vast country, separated from Russia by only thirty miles, will probably undergo a transformation in the years immediately after the war.

Most important of all, thousands of men have seen that although parts of Alaska can be mighty cold and the winter days are short, some of it enjoys a first-class climate. Endless summer days make up for the winter nights. Alaska is no more "Arctic" than Finland, and that country not only fed a population nearly 2,000 times as big, but exported a surplus of dairy produce!

A careful survey has shown that about 30,000 square miles of Alaska are suitable for farming. Only a fraction of it has been taken up.

The farmer has a certain market. Alaska imported before the war about a million pounds' worth of farm produce, and the transport made the prices very high. He will also, of course, have difficulties. He will have to find the right crops to grow, the right breeds of animal to keep. Pioneers are doing it now.

Before the war, one man realised the possibilities of the grass in certain parts where the rain seems to fall every day and the cold is great. The cold made his sheep put on coats of record thickness, the grass was enough to keep them. He had a flock of many thousands grazing on virgin territory.

There are about 1,000 farmers in Alaska, and they have learned the hard way, but they know now what crops will flourish and how to treat them. Most of them have come in the last ten years. In 1930, only 40 square miles of Alaska's total of 586,000 square miles was cultivated!

Fresh vegetables of all kinds



This is a picture of Mrs. Berrill that a host of submariners will recognise at once — carving knife in hand, busily cutting off thick slices of something good to put in those famous sandwiches.

## "Sandwich will go down nice, Boys!" says Ma Berrill

HER name is Mrs. Mary Berrill—but to scores of men now sailing the seas in submarines she's just "Ma."  
"All the nice girls love a sailor," says an old song, but "Ma" Berrill loves all sailor boys with a motherly love that goes right down to her heart.

Her husband was in the Navy more than thirty years ago. She has a son in a cruiser to-day. But it is to the boys of the Submarine Service that "Ma" Berrill's heart really goes out.

Her home at 87, Ramsden Street, Barrow-in-Furness, is a harbour of homeliness for which many mothers all over Great Britain will be grateful when their sons tell them about it.

"Ma" Berrill collects lonely submariners. She has a recipe for curing them of homesickness. It is simply to look after them as a mother would care for her own son.

"I never turn a sailor boy away if I have a bed to put him in," she told a "Good Morning" reporter. "Often, when all my beds are occupied, I invite submarine boys who tell me their lodgings are not so comfortable, to come up and spend their evenings with us."

"We have some jolly parties. There are always tea and sandwiches for them, and

sometimes they bring their beer in. They are far better having a drink here than in some places. It is no uncommon thing for boys to come to my door and say that Tommy So-and-So, or Nobby Somebody-Else, told them in some remote part of the world to come and see if I could put them up if ever they came to Barrow."

Bernard Bailey was a lonely young bachelor until "Ma" Berrill found him a wife. The wedding took place from "Ma's" house. "Ma" often wonders now where Bill McGurk has got to. Bill did not lodge with her, but he often went up with his shipmate, Nobby Cole.

Yes, though the boys may dream of home, they are not the only dreamers. "Ma" Berrill not only remembers their names; she knows the submarines they were in.

When the "Good Morning" men were at "Ma" Berrill's house she was carving up a joint of pre-war size.

"There are a lot of us," she said. "I have a very big naval family. Believe me, my boys know how to eat."

How would one of "Ma" Berrill's meat sandwiches and a nice cup of tea go down now, Ginger? Or are you one of those tough creatures who drink beer with their sandwiches?

## IT'S ON THE RECORD for A.B. Bill Thomas

WE were about to knock at No. 19, Fane-street, Fulham, when along came a lady with a nice smiling face and said, "Do you want me?" and we said, "If you are Mrs. Thomas, we certainly do." It was your Mother all right, A.B. William George Thomas, and she had just been to the post office in Lillie-road to post a letter to you.

So we went inside and collected the gossip for you.

Young Wally Ashford has gone to Belgium, Mick Wakefield has come home on leave after two and a half years abroad, and Ma Wakefield is killing the fatted calf; and of

Pritchard there is as yet no news. Cousin Sid has been home on leave, and he looks fine—"a real sailor now," is Mother's expression.

Mother says she is going to keep your Bing records well dusted and if you are away too long she will wear them out for you.

She closes by sending Betty's fondest love, also that of herself and Dad who is still busy in his spare time doing a bit of snobbing and making those posh frames your wedding photographs were in.

By the way, you're a lucky guy, judging by the looks of your very pretty bride.



**We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1**



## W. W. JACOBS tells what happened when the Skipper "Heard Voices"

"NO, sir, said the night-watchman, as he took a seat on a post at the end of the jetty, and stowed a huge piece of tobacco in his cheek. 'No, man, an' boy, I was at sea forty years afore I took on this job, but I can't say as ever I saw a real, downright ghost.'"

This was disappointing, and I said so. Previous experience of the power of Bill's vision had led me to expect something very different.

"Not but what I've known some queer things happen," said Bill, fixing his eyes on the Surrey side, and going off into a kind of trance. "Queer things."

I waited patiently; Bill's eyes, after resting for some time on Surrey, began to slowly cross the river, paused midway in reasonable hopes of a collision between a tug with its flotilla of barges and a penny steamer, and then came back to me.

"You heard that yarn old Cap'n Harris was telling the other day about the skipper he knew having a warning one night to alter his course, an' doing so, picked up five live men and three dead skeletons in an open boat?" he inquired.

I nodded.

"The yarn in various forms is an old one," said I.

"It's all founded on something I told him once," said Bill. "I don't wish to accuse Cap'n

Harris of taking another man's true story and spoiling it; he's got a bad memory, that's all. Fust of all, he forgets he ever heard the yarn; secondly, he goes and spoils it."

I gave a sympathetic murmur. Harris was as truthful an old man as ever breathed, but his tales were terribly restricted by this circumstance, whereas Bill's were limited by nothing but his own imagination.

"It was about fifteen years ago now," began Bill, getting the quid into a bye-way of his cheek, where it would not impede his utterance. "I was A.B. on the *Swallow*, a barque, trading wherever we could pick up stuff. On this v'y'ge we was bound from London to Jamaica with a general cargo.

"The start of that v'y'ge was excellent. We was towed out of the St. Katherine's Docks here, to the Nore, an' the tug left us to a stiff breeze, which fairly raced us down Channel and out into the Atlantic. Everybody was saying what a fine v'y'ge we was having, an' what quick time we should make, an' the fust mate was in such a lovely temper that you might do anything with him a'most.

"We was about ten days out, an' still slipping along in this spanking way, when all of a sudden things changed. I was at the wheel with the second mate one night, when the skipper, whose name was Brown, came up from below in a uneasy sort o' fashion, and stood looking at us for some time without speaking. Then at last he sort o' makes up his mind and ses he—

"Mr. McMillan, I've just had a most remarkable ex-

perience, an' I don't know what to do about it."

"Yes, sir?" ses Mr. McMillan.

"Three times I've been woke up this night by something shouting in my ear, 'Steer nor-nor-west!' ses the cap'n very solemnly, 'Steer nor-nor-west!' that's all it says. The first time I thought it was somebody got into my cabin skylarking, and I laid for 'em with a stick, but I've heard it three times, an' there's nothing there."

"It's a supernatural warning," ses the second mate, who had a great uncle once who had the second sight, and was the most unpopular man of his family, because he always knew what to expect, and laid his plans according.

"That's what I think," ses the cap'n. "There's some poor shipwrecked fellow-creatures in distress."

"It's a verra grave responsibility," ses Mr. McMillan. "I should just ca' up the fairst mate."

"Bill," ses the cap'n, 'just go down below' and tell Mr. Salmon I'd like a few words with him partikler."

"Well, I went down below, and called up the first mate, and as soon as I'd explained to him what he was wanted for, he went right off into a fit of outrageous bad language, an' hit me. He came up on deck in his pants an' socks. A most disrespectful way to come to the cap'n, but he was that hot and excited he didn't care what he did.

"Mr. Salmon," ses the cap'n gravely, 'I've just had a most

solemn warning, and I want to—"

"I know," says the mate gruffly.

"What! have you heard it too?" ses the cap'n, in surprise. "Three times?"

"I heard it from him," ses the mate, pointing to me. "Nightmare, sir, nightmare."

"It was not nightmare, sir," ses the cap'n, very huffy, 'an if I hear it again, I'm going to alter this ship's course.'"

"Well, the fust mate was in a hole. He wanted to call the skipper something which he knew wasn't discipline. I knew what it was, an' I knew if the mate didn't do something he'd be ill, he was

ing-like.

"Mr. Salmon," ses the cap'n very angry, 'I shall not fly in the face of Providence in any such way. I shall sleep as usual, an' as for your rhobarb,' ses the cap'n, working hisself up into a passion—'damme, sir, I'll—I'll dose the whole crew with it, from first mate to cabin-boy, if I have any impertinence.'"

that sort of man, everything flew to his head. He walked away, and put his head over the side for a bit, an' at last, when he came back, he was, comparatively speaking, calm.

"You musn't hear them words again, sir," ses he; 'don't go to sleep again to-night. Stay up, an' we'll have a hand o' cards, and in the morning you take a good stiff dose o' rhobarb. Don't spoil one o' the best trips we've ever had for the sake of a penny-worth of rhobarb,' ses he, pleading-like.

"Well, Mr. Salmon, who was getting very mad, stalks down below, followed by the cap'n, an' Mr. McMillan was that excited that he even started talking to me about it. Half-an-hour afterwards the cap'n comes running up on deck again.

"Mr. McMillan," ses he excitedly, 'steer nor-nor-west until further orders. I've heard it again, an' this time it nearly split the drum of my ear.'"

"The ship's course was altered, an' after the old man was satisfied he went back to bed again, an' almost directly arter eight bells went, an' I was relieved. I wasn't on deck when the fust mate come up, but those that were said he took it very calm. He didn't say a word. He just sat down on the poop, and blew his cheeks out.

"As soon as ever it was daylight the skipper was on deck with his glasses. He sent men up to the masthead to keep a good lookout, an' he was dancing about like

(Continued on Page 3)



SUPPOSE I AM WILLING TO STAY BEHIND AFTER SIX-O-CLOCK.  
DO I GET TIME AND A HALF, MR. EPHINSTONE ?!! "

## I get around

RON RICHARDS'  
COLUMN



AN American pilot, forced to bale out off a Japanese island, saved his life by grabbing the periscope of a U.S. submarine and riding two miles to safety.

The story of the rescue was told at a Pacific base by the submarine crew:

When the crew saw the pilot, Donald Brandt, parachute from 1,200 feet and land in the water, they raced to the rescue, but Japanese shore batteries forced the submarine to submerge.

As the submarine shot by, Brandt grabbed the periscope. Now under water, now out, he held on for dear life.

"We had to stay submerged because of the shelling, and it was tough going for the pilot," the submarine commander said. "After an hour's towing we surfaced and took him aboard. He was a little out of breath, but otherwise O.K."

When I saw "Crash Dive" I scorned such an episode!

★

BENIAMINO GIGLI, Italian tenor, who was recently banned from singing at a Rome concert by the Allied military authorities, is trying hard to affirm his good faith.

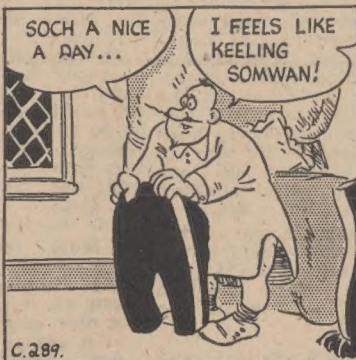
Accusation was that Gigli had performed for the Nazis and generally collaborated with them. His friendship with Gen. Maetzel, former Nazi Governor of Rome, was recalled.

The singer has now stated that when he was photographed with the military commander he had been to see him in the interests of theatrical and operatic employees. He had never asked to become a member of the Fascist Party, but was made an honorary member. Gigli now states emphatically: "I don't bother about politics; I just want to sing."

I understand that a number of conductors, singers and members of the opera orchestra have signed a document reaffirming their sympathy with the tenor.

I know a lot of ice-cream sellers who are shooting the same flannel.

## BEELZEBUB JONES



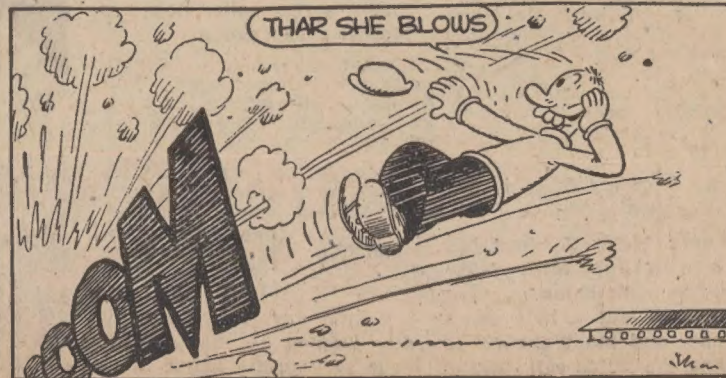
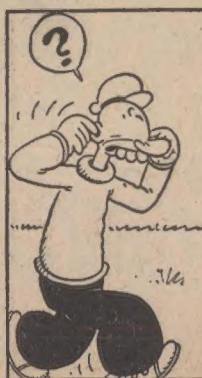
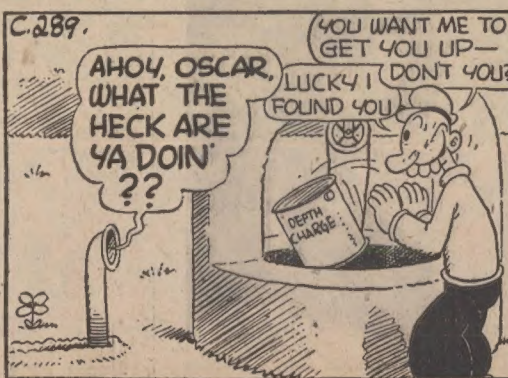
C.289.



## BELINDA



## POPEYE





# WANGLING WORDS

1. Insert consonants in U\*\*A\*A\*I\*E and \*A\*OO\* and get two colours.

2. Here are two English cities whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?

3. In the following four birds the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? S47L63987, 69B24128, T5387Y, 6528.

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 459

1. AMBER, ALIZARIN.
2. ASTER—SWEET PEA
3. Porcupine, Panda, Jaguar, Jackal.

## JANE



# IN MID ATLANTIC

(Continued from Page 2) but I could see he was looking a cat on hot bricks all the morning. trifling fool. "How long are we to go on this course, sir?" asks Mr. Salmon, the first mate got a cough, and about ten o'clock in the morning, every time he coughed it seemed "I've not made up my mind, to act upon the skipper, and make sir," ses the cap'n, very stately; him madder and madder. Now

## QUIZ for today

would you play a game of podex? 6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Cotton, Silk, Linen, Rayon, Wool, Hemp, Jute.

## Answers to Quiz in No. 520

1. To purdle is to steal, hem, blow a fire, decorate with a border, cut a groove, make a hole?
2. What is the common name for the Woodbine?
3. If you were a sphragist-cist, what would you study?
4. St. Paul was martyred in A.D. 24, 36, 42, 58, 64?
5. With what implements are in Spain.
1. Courtyard.
2. Autumn Crocus, or Meadow Saffron.
3. Reptiles.
4. A meteor is a shooting star; a meteorite is the remnant of a shooting star after it has fallen to the earth.
5. Sea of Galilee.
6. Ancona is in Italy; others are in Spain.

that it was broad daylight, Mr. men who was at the masthead McMillan didn't seem to be so suddenly shouts out—creepy as the night before, an' "Ahoy! Small boat on the I could see the cap'n was only port bow!" waiting for the slightest excuse to get into our proper course again.

"That's a nasty, bad cough o' yours, Mr. Salmon," ses he, eyeing the mate very hard.

"Yes, a nasty, irritating sort o' cough, sir," ses the other; "it worries me a great deal. It's this going up nor'ards what's sticking in my throat," ses he.

"The cap'n give a gulp, and walked off, but he comes back in a minute, and ses he—

"Mr. Salmon, I should think it a great pity to lose a valuable officer like yourself, even to do good to others. There's a hard ring about that cough I don't like, an' if you really think it's going up this bit north, why, I don't mind putting the ship in her course again."

"Well, the mate thanked him kindly, and he was just about to give the orders when one o' the

sweets, (b) some Browns eat sweets, (c) some Smiths smoke tobacco (d) some Browns are named John?

4. A family party consisted of 1 grandfather, 2 fathers, 1 mother, 1 aunt, 2 nieces, 1 sister-in-law, 1 brother-in-law, 4 sisters, 1 father-in-law, 2 twins. What is the smallest number of people who could have been present?

(Answers in No. 522.)

## READ THE ENDING TO-MORROW.

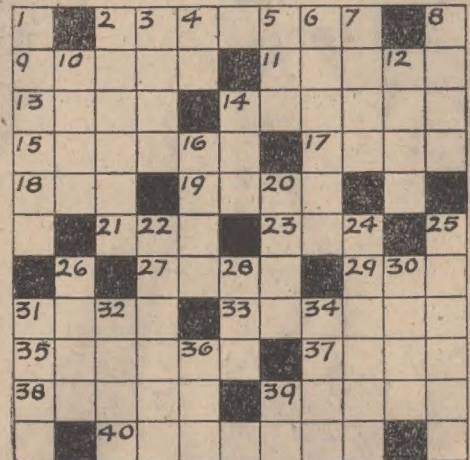
## INTELLIGENCE TEST—No. 44

1. When Albert said "Boots," May said "Ships." What word linked these two ideas in May's mind?
2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—C, F, L, P, S, V, Y, W.
3. If some Smiths are named John no Browns smoke tobacco, and all Johns eat sweets and cheap, used for tying parcels, smoke tobacco, is it necessarily true that (a) some Smiths eat

## Answers to Test No. 43.

1. Thunder is the noise of a lightning flash augmented by echoes from the clouds. True.
2. Warm refers to temperature; others don't.
3. Both are soft, pliable, made of fibres, absorb water, etc.
4. Saturday.

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

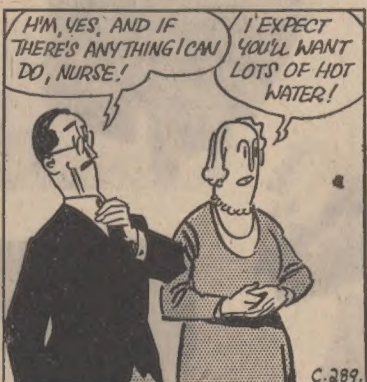
- 2 Poster.
- 9 Clear.
- 11 Permission.
- 13 Strike attitude.
- 14 Fine paint brush.
- 15 Make certain.
- 17 Gainsay.
- 18 Grow old.
- 19 Recess.
- 21 Delved.
- 23 Skill.
- 27 Trim.
- 29 Groove.
- 31 Take of heroes.
- 33 Clarify.
- 35 Eastern language.
- 37 Open fabric.
- 38 Wrote letters of.
- 39 Lively dance.
- 40 Teaching time.

### CLUES DOWN.

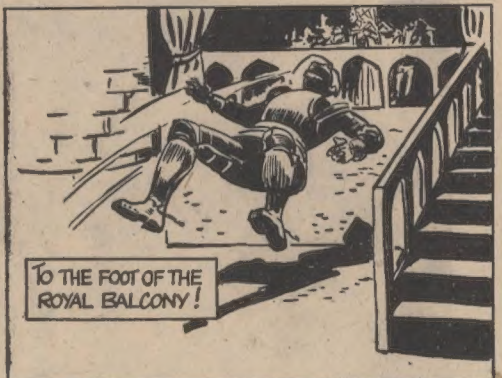
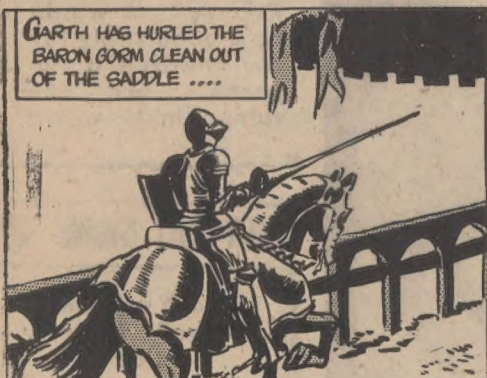
- 1 Seem.
- 2 Gone.
- 3 Place.
- 4 One.
- 5 Drink.
- 6 Give.
- 7 Fish.
- 8 Depend.
- 10 Extensive.
- 12 Fruitful plant.
- 14 Vigour.
- 16 Storm.
- 20 Surfeit.
- 22 Not capable.
- 24 Tests.
- 25 Soaks.
- 26 Dwell tedious.
- 28 Curve.
- 30 Very.
- 31 Window frame.
- 32 Celt.
- 34 Open tart.
- 36 Pronoun.
- 39 Proceed.

JAR PLOVER  
ABATE HAREM  
BODILY TREE  
VICTOR ADA  
DESK UIST N  
R HEW CLASS  
EH RATIO L  
NUB REDUCED  
CRAVEN GREY  
HOBBO BEHAVE  
NEWSY SPEED

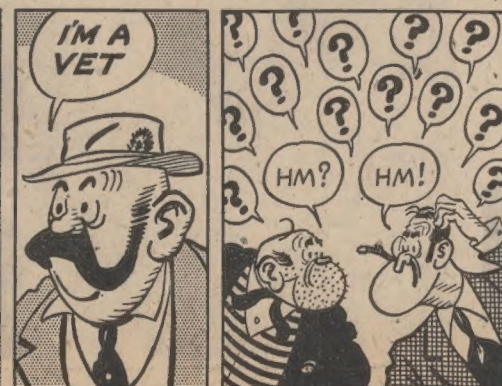
## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



# NO PLUMS IN CABINET

TOP-RANKING Service chiefs like Montgomery, Cunningham, Portal, are better off than the Prime Minister, provided they haven't got substantial private incomes which make them liable to the heaviest taxation.

Receiving something in the neighbourhood of £3,750-£4,000 a year, including their allowances, these leaders probably get at least £1,600 a year clear, after paying tax. And there are not the same social demands on that residue as afflict the politicians.

It is not so good, however, for a man like Lord Mountbatten, whose private income rockets his taxable capacity.

Survey the present members of the Cabinet, people who have been directly responsible, whether you agree with their politics or not, for steering us to our present position. Nearly all have independent means—Cripps, Eden, Cranborne, Selborne, Hudson, Anderson, Sinclair, Woolton, Stanley.

Therefore the £5,000 a year which they uniformly receive from a grateful nation for their all-important work is not worth more than a few hundred to them by the time they have also made their monetary contribution to the war effort.

Higher financial rewards, relatively speaking, are gained by Labour Ministers, who have no other considerable source of income, and so escape the higher taxation rates. Perhaps that is as it should be.

But it might be suggested that there is an element of shabbiness in so arranging taxation that well-to-do, public-spirited men get practically nothing for their social service as such.

And it might well have the effect also of persuading financial brains to keep out of politics and public work; using their talents instead to increase their untaxable capital at the possible expense of the community.

## RIDE HIM CENSOR

THERE'S no stopping him now. Fired with enthusiasm for his work, he plods relentlessly on. Surely, in the annals of the Senior Service, there has never been a comparable case of unswerving devotion to the high call of duty.

How does this one strike you? He that would thrive Must — at five; But he that has thriven May — till seven. While he that by the — would thrive, All day long must hold or drive.

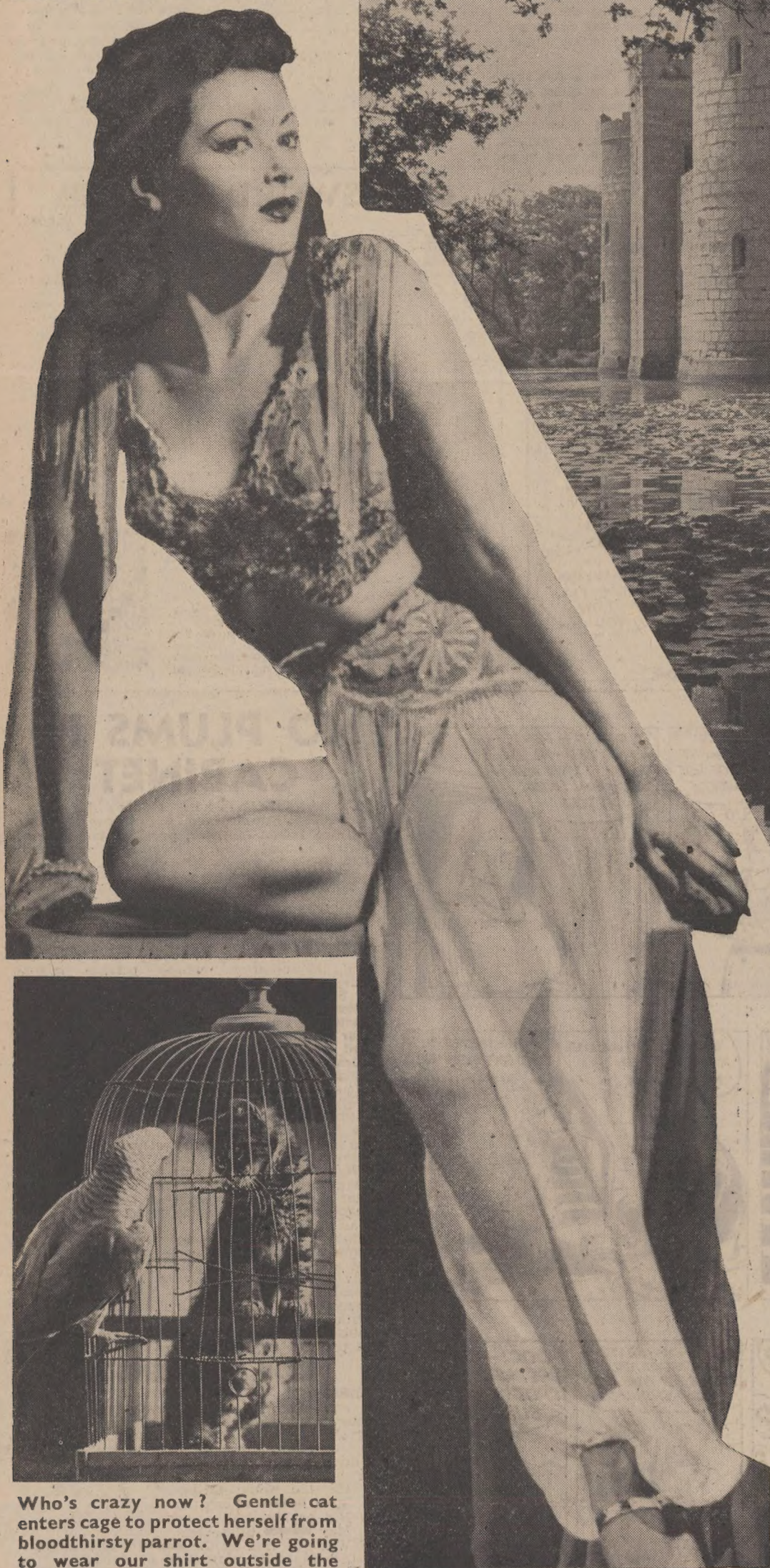
What a lesson these six short lines carry for all of us! How well they point the moral that the world holds rewards for industry, quite apart from the purely material.



# Good Morning



Fellows, you're looking at "the most beautiful girl in the world." Yvonne de Carlo was declared the winner in the contest promoted by Hollywood producer, Walter Wagner. Twenty thousand lovelies fought for the title. Strange thing is, Yvonne's come out without a scratch — as far as we can see!



IT'S OURS, ALL OURS! Bodiam Castle still stands surrounded by its lily-filled moat, much as it did when Sir Edward Dalyngruge crossed its drawbridge, to fight at Cressy and Poitiers. Six hundred years of English history rolled against its stout keep until, to-day, it's ours — to explore and enjoy, thanks to the National Trust.



Who's crazy now? Gentle cat enters cage to protect herself from bloodthirsty parrot. We're going to wear our shirt outside the waistcoat from now on!



★ "Take it away! Take it away, I say, I can still see it. And it still looks like spinach. Who do they think I am? Popeye? It would be a good thing for the children if the parents ate the spinach in this world

## ★ OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Such vehemence — well I never did!"

